



RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

IN the midst of his children's children, by the home-fire's cheerful blaze,
An old man sat in an easy-chair, dreaming of by-gone days;
Dreaming of wearisome marches, by flood, morass, and wold,
Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger and thirst and cold;
Dreaming of midnight watches in the dreary, drizzling rain,
And the hum of his comrades' voices, that he never should hear again;
Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread,
The smoke and roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead—
Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who fought and fell by his side,
And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when he died.
He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death and as pale,
As he sat by her father's hearth-stone and told her the cruel tale.
"Ay, ay!" in his sleep he murmured, "she was fair and he was brave,
But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave.
But we routed the British legions, and sent them over the sea,
For the God of battles helped us, and our native land was free.
My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me pain;
I thought I was young, and a soldier, fighting for freedom again:
I saw the tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of the foe,
And the crimson tracks our poor recruits left on the frozen snow.
But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale—
Do they talk of dissolving the Union?—Ah, well may your cheek grow pale,
And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low,
When he thinks of the price it cost us some fourscore years ago!
I have watched its growing greatness through a life of many years,
But I never forgot that its blessings were purchased with blood and tears.
I never forgot the privations of fourscore years ago,
When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow.
I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,
Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker's Hill.
And so the home of Marion is the first to break the band
That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land;
The children of the heroes around whose memory clings
The glory of King's Mountain, Cowpens, and Eutaw Springs!
I saw our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars;
And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,
It would blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its folds again.
If God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave
Is that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to the grave;
For I could not breathe with traitors, nor turn my face to the sun,
Nor dwell in the land of the living, when the States are no longer one."

SARAH T. BOLTON.



UNDER THE FIR-TREES.

A HARVEST ROMANCE.

"HA, MARIAN! well met, fair maid! Where
roaming this bright morn?"
The maiden, with a sigh, replies, "My Lord, to
lease the corn."
Her hair with blossoms wild bedeck'd, her cheek
with blushes dyed,
She stands a very queen of flowers, yet downcast
as a bride.
"Come, Marian, my love, with me; nay, why
so bashful now?
This scorching sun will deeply tinge the whiteness
of thy brow;
The coarse, harsh stubble of the fields these little
hands will spoil;
My village beauty was not born to suffer heat
and toil.
"Come, fairest, come, why linger still? Such
rude employment leave;
Beneath the fir-trees' welcome shade, we'll wander
as at eve.
Have you that happy hour forgot—my murmur'd
vows and sighs?"

Dear Marian, turn, and let me read my answer
in thine eyes!"
Fair Marian at his bidding turns; they pace be-
neath the trees,
Whose tall and tender columns wave and mut-
ter with each breeze.
But those sweet eyes are filled with tears, the
blush forsakes her cheek.
"What is it troubles Marian so? Speak, little
maiden, speak."
But Marian, resting on a bank, looks down and
thinks a while;
The handsome noble, lounging near, looks on
with careless smile.
No sound disturbs the solitude but labor's dis-
tant hum:
Impatiently at last he cries, "My sweetest, art
thou dumb?"
Then, hands clasped loosely round his arm, up-
turn'd her pretty face,
Fair Marian says with earnest air, yet full of
modest grace,
"The words you whisper'd me last night, and
once we met before,



SEA BATTERY, FORT MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

Were best unsaid—must be forgot—and we must hear no more.

"Nay, hear me, while I tell you how, in listening to those vows,
With joyful heart I thought I heard the waving fir-tree boughs
Say, as the soft wind through them sang, 'Such fond words must be true.
Ah! happy, happy Marian! he loves and loves but you!'

"We parted—homeward went your steps, but mine here linger'd still,
Lest other eyes should guess what hopes my fluttering bosom fill;
But as I mused, another song the trees sang in mine ear
'Ah, simple, simple Marian! Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'

"Then asked I my sinking heart—Can such change be in life?
The daughter of the laboring man become the noble's wife?
I nerved to earn my daily bread, the child of want and care,
Can such as I the gems of wealth be ever meant to wear?

"Then asked I again my heart—'But could my lord mean guile?
Would one so great as he deceive poor Marian with a smile?
The untarnish'd honor of his house, his name be all forgot?
So mournfully the branches waved, I trembling fled the spot!

"And through the long and wakeful night still sounded in mine ear
The sighing of those forest boughs—'Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'

My lord, I have no more to tell, my inmost thought you know."
But now her faltering voice in vain essays to bid him go.

The young man listened with his head bent down upon his breast.
He answered, "Little friend, forgive this sad and sorry jest;
In seeing you so beautiful, I have been much to blame,

For trifling, with so pure a heart, regardless of your fame!"
Bending yet lower, that fair face he once more looks upon.

"Forgive—forget me, Marian." One kiss, and he is gone!
Faintly, more faintly falls his step—it dies in fat-fog grove,
And with it fades the maiden's dream, her first sweet dream of love.

Up, up, there is no longer time here grievously to stay;
For in the fields ask many tongues "Where Marian is to-day?"
The griefs and cares of poverty must workfully be borne;
But Marian's tears fall thick and fast, while leasing in the corn.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLennan.

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CHAPTER XV.

WITH my head full of George Barnwell, I was at first disposed to believe that I must have had some hand in the attack upon my sister, or at events that as her near relation, popularly known to be under obligations to her, I was a more legitimate object of suspicion than any one else. But when, in the clearer light of next morning, I began to reconsider the matter and to hear it discussed around me on all sides, I took another view of the case which was more reasonable.

Joe had been at the Three Jolly Bargemen, smoking his pipe, from a quarter after eight o'clock to a quarter before ten. While he was there my sister had been seen standing at the kitchen door, and had exchanged Good-night with a farm-laborer going home. The man could not be more particular as to the time at which he saw her (he got into dense confusion when he tried to be) than that it must have been before nine. Joe went home at five minutes before ten he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called in assistance. The fire had not then burned unusually low, nor was the snuff of the candle very long; the candle, however, had been blown out. Nothing had been taken away from any part of the house. Neither, beyond the blowing out of the candle—which stood on a table between the door and my sister, and was behind her when she stood facing the fire and was struck—



was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made in falling and bleeding. But there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with something blunt and heavy on the head and spine; after the blows were dealt, something heavy had been thrown down at her with considerable violence as she lay on her face. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed assunder.

Now Joe, examining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed assunder some time ago. The hue and cry going off to the Hulks, and people coming thence to examine the iron, Joe's opinion was corroborated. There did not undertake to say when it had left the prison-ships, but they claimed to know for certain that that particular manacle had not been worn by either of two convicts who had escaped last night. Further, one of those two was already taken, and had not freed himself of his iron.

Knowing what I knew, I set up an inference of my own here. I believed the iron to be my convict's iron—the iron I had seen and heard him filing at on the marshes—but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use. For I believed one of two other persons to have become possessed of it, and to have turned it to this cruel account. Either Orlick or the strange man who had shown me the file.

Now as to Orlick, he had gone to town exactly as he told us when we picked him up at the turnpike; he had been seen about town all the evening, he had been in divers companies in several public houses, and he had come back with myself and Mr. Wopsle. There was nothing against him save the quarrel; and my sister had quarreled with him, and with every body else about her, ten thousand times. As to the strange man, if he had come back for his two bank-notes there could have been no dispute about them, because my sister was fully prepared to restore them. Besides, there had been no altercation; the assailant had come in so silent and suddenly that she had been felled before she could look round.

It was horrible to think that I had provided weapons, however undesignedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and reconsidered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood, and tell Joe all the story. For months afterward I every day settled the question finally in the negative, and reopened and reargued it next morning. The contention came, after all, to this: the secret was such an old one now, had so grown into me and become a part of myself, that I could not tear it away. In addition to the dread that, having led up to so much mischief, it would be now more likely than ever to alienate Joe from me if he believed it, I had the further restraining dread that he would not believe it, but would assert it with the fabulous dogs and real cutlets as a monstrous invention. However, I temporized with myself, of course—for, was I not wavering between right and wrong when the thing is always done?—and resolved to make a full disclosure if I should see any such new occasion as a new chance of helping in the discovery of the assailant.

The Constables, and the Bow Street men from London—for this happened in the days of the extinct red waistcoated police—were about the house for a week or two, but they did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases. They took up several obviously wrong people, and they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to find the right neighborhood served tools, that fitted the whole neighborhood in manner of taking their drink, that was almost as good as taking the culprit. But not quite, for they never did it.

Long after these constitutional powers had dispersed my sister lay very ill in bed. Her

sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary tea-cups and wine-glasses instead of the realities; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible. When at last she came round so far as to be helped down stairs, it was still necessary to keep my sister always by her, that she might indicate in writing what she could not indicate in speech. As she was (very bad handwriting apart) a most indifferent reader, and as Joe was a more than indifferent speaker, extraordinary complications arose between them, which I was always called in to solve. The administration of mutton instead of medicine, the substitution of Tea for Joe, and the baker for bacon, were among the mildest of my own mistakes.

However, her temper was greatly improved and she was patient. A tremendous uncertainty of the action of all her limbs soon became a part of her regular state, and afterward, at intervals of two or three months, she would often put her hands to her head and would then remain for about a week at a time in some gloomy aberration of mind. We were at a loss to find a suitable attendant for her, until a circumstance happened conveniently to relieve us. Mr. Wopsle's great aunt, coming up confirmed habit of living into which she had fallen, and Biddy became a part of our establishment.

It may have been about a month after my sister's resignation from the kitchen when Biddy came to us with a small speckled box containing the whole of her worldly effects, and became a blessing to the household. Above all, she was a blessing to Joe, for the dear old fellow was set at rest by the constant contemplation of the wreck of his wife, and had been accustomed, while attending on her all the evening, to turn to me every now and then, and say, "What's the blue eye-moaning?" "What's the fine figure of a woman as she once were, Pippin?" Biddy instantly taking the clearest charge of her, as though she had studied her from infancy, Joe became able in some sort to appreciate the greater quiet of his life, and to get down to the jolly Bargemen now and then, for a change that did him good. It was characteristic of the police people that they had all more or less suspected poor Joe (though he never knew it), and that they had to a man concurred in regarding him as one of the deepest spirits they had ever encountered.

Biddy's first triumph in her new office was to solve a difficulty that had completely vanquished me. I had tried hard at it, but had made nothing of it. Thus it was:

Again and again and again my sister had traced upon the slate a character that looked like a curious P, and then, with the utmost eagerness, had called our attention to it as something she particularly wanted. I began in vain tried every thing producible that had with a P, from tur to toset and tub. At length it had come into my head that the sign looked like a hammer, and on my lustily calling that word in my sister's ear she had begun to hammer on the table, and expressed a qualified assent. Thereupon I had brought in all our hammers, one after another, but without avail. Then I thought me of a crutch, the shape being much the same, and I borrowed one of a cripple in the village, and displayed it to my sister with considerable confidence. But she shook her head to that extent, when she was shown it, that we were terrified lest, in her weak and shattered state, she should dislocate her neck.

When my sister found that Biddy was very quick to understand her, this mysterious sign immediately reappeared on the slate. Biddy looked thoughtfully at it, heard my explanation, looked thoughtfully at my sister, looked thoughtfully at Joe (who was always represent-

ed on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Joe and me.

"Why, of course," cried Biddy, with an exultant face. "Don't you see? It's him!"
Orlick, without a doubt! She had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him why we wanted him to come into the kitchen, and he slowly laid down his hammer, wiped his brow with his arm, took another wife at it with his apron, and came clanking out with a curious loose, vagabond lurch, bending in the knees that strongly distinguished him.

I confess that I expected to see my sister denounce him, and that I was disappointed by the different result. She manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him; was evidently much pleased by his being at length produced, and motioned that she would have him given something to drink. She watched his countenance as if she were particularly wishful to be assured that he took kindly to his reception; she showed every possible desire to conciliate him; and there was an air of humble propitiation in all she did, such as I have seen pervade the bearing of a frightened child toward a hard master. After that day, a day rarely passed without her drawing the hammer on her slate, and without Orlick's slouching in and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

CHAPTER XVI.

I now fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship-life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village, by the presence of no more remarkable circumstance than the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate; I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her; and she spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday. I may mention at once that this became an annual custom. I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me, very angrily, if I expected more? Then, and after that, I took it.

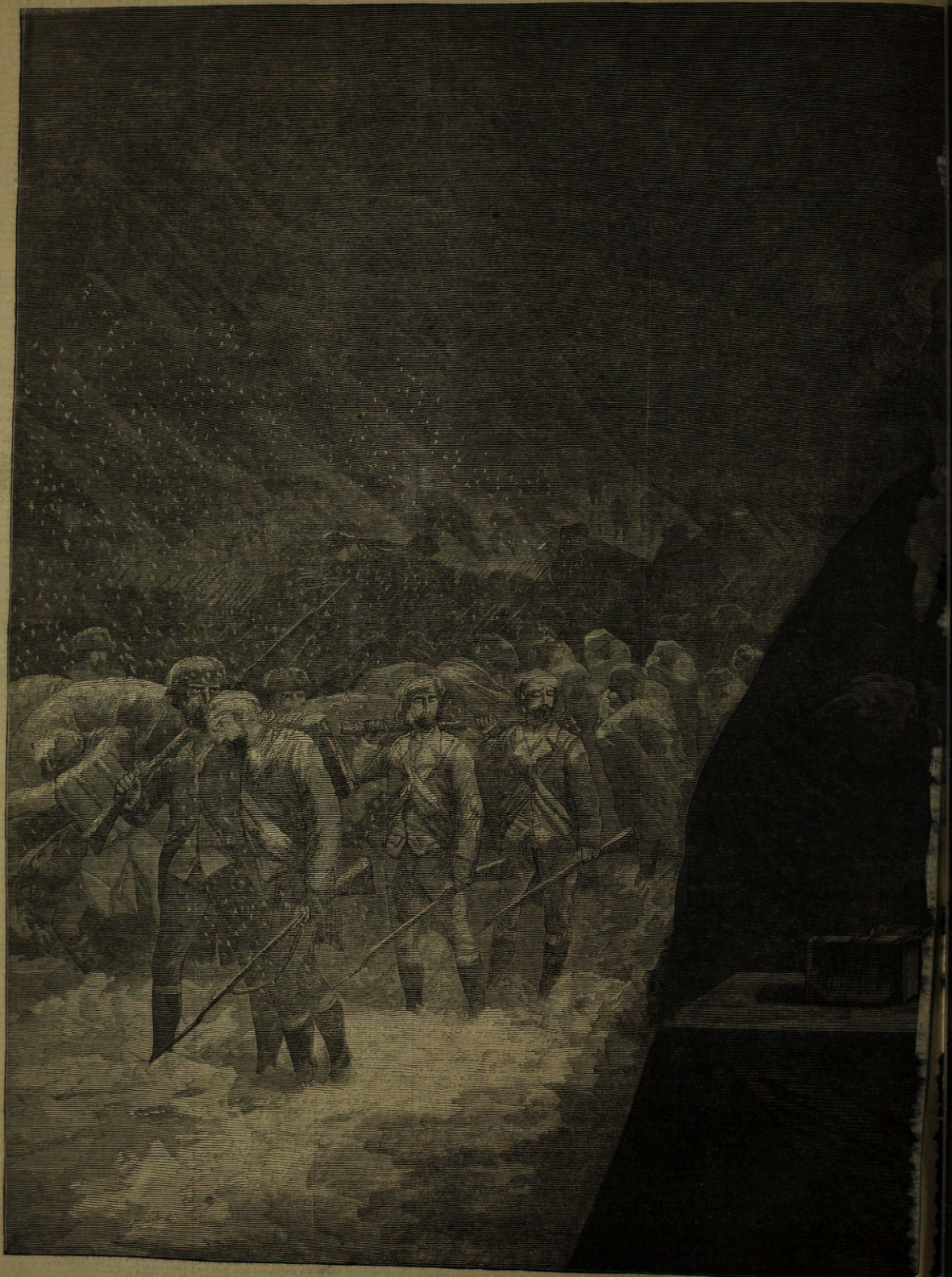
No unchanging was the dull old house, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded spectre in the chair by the dressing-table glass, that I felt as if the stopping of the clocks had stopped Time in that mysterious place, and while I and everything else outside it grew older, it stood still. Daylight never entered the house as to my thoughts and remembrances of it, any more than as to the actual fact. It bewildered me, and under its influence I continued at heart to hate my trade and to be ashamed of home.

Imperceptibly I became conscious of a change in Biddy, however. Her shoes came up at the heel, her hair grew bright and neat, her hands were always clean. She was not beautiful—she was common, and could not be like Estella—but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had not been with us more than a year (I remember her being newly out of mourning at the time it struck me), when I observed to myself one evening that she had curiously thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good.

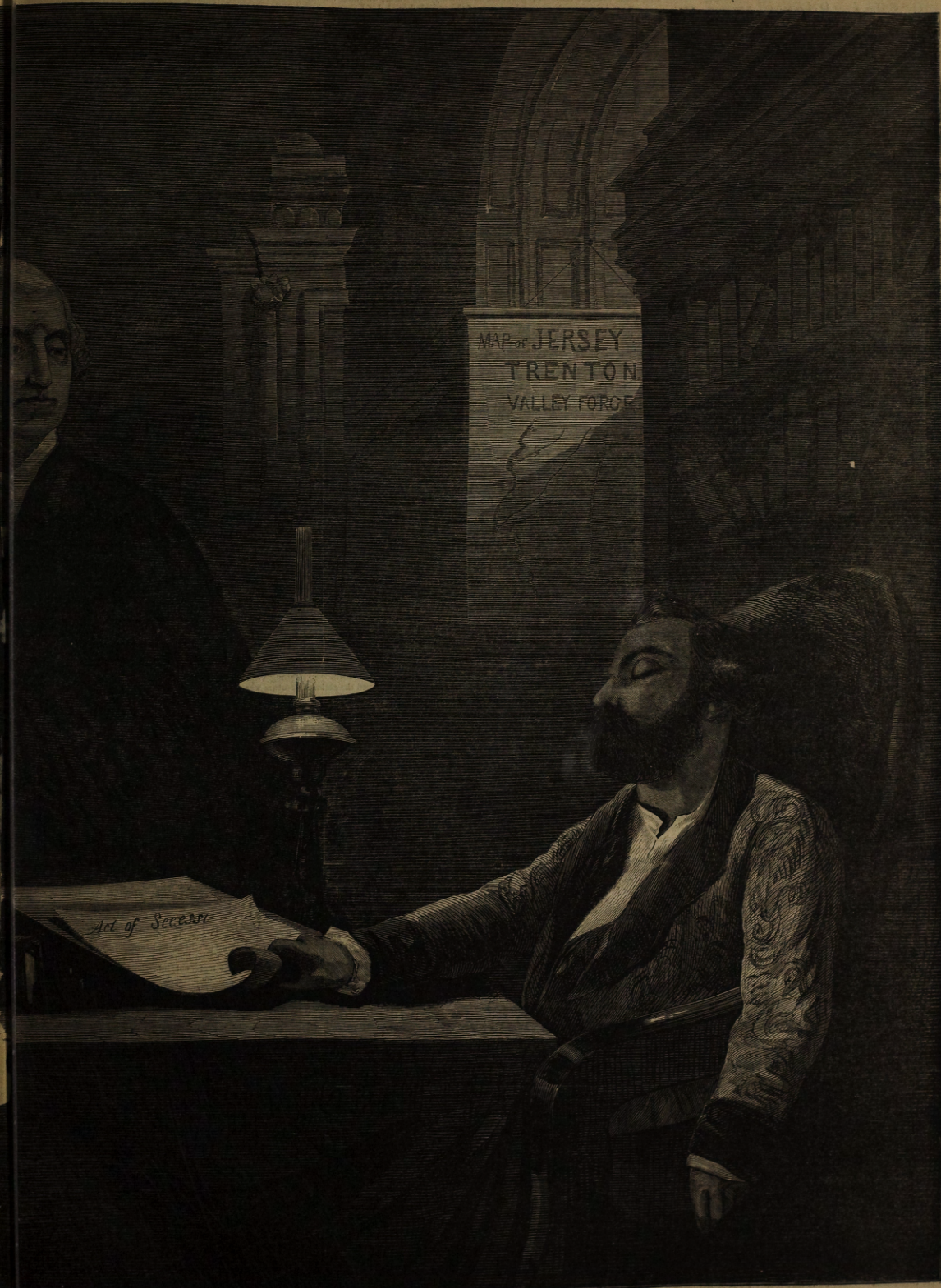
It came of my lifting up my own eyes from a task I was poring at—writings to passages from a book, to improve myself in two ways at once by a sort of stratagem—and seeing Biddy observant of what I was about. I laid down my pen, and Biddy stopped in her needle-work without laying it down.



"HULLO!" HE GROANED; "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"



THE DREAM OF A SECESSIONIST



master, who came in, evidently half-dressed. To my sick horror he was followed by Lefevre, apparently as sober and wily as ever. They were talking together as they came in, disputing about something; but the latter stopped the conversation to swear at the old woman for having fallen asleep, and with tipsy anger, and even with blows, drove the poor old creature out of the kitchen to bed. Then he and Lefevre went on talking, and the *Sieur de Poiseux* remained silent. It seemed that Lefevre had been out all day, along with other of my husband's men, ostensibly assisting in the search; in all probability trying to blind the *Sieur de Poiseux* by following up the conversation on a wrong scent, and also, I fancied, from one or two of Lefevre's sly questions, combining the hidden purpose of discovering us.

Although the miller was silent and vassal to the *Sieur de Poiseux*, he seemed to be much more in league with the people of *M. de la Touraille*. He was evidently aware, in part, of the life which Lefevre and the others led; although, again, I do not suppose he knew the exact details of the crimes; and also, I think, he was seriously interested in discovering the fate of his master, little suspecting Lefevre of murder or violence. He kept talking himself, and watching the keen eyes of Lefevre gleaming out below his shaggy eyebrows. It was evidently not the cue of the latter to let out that his master's wife had escaped from him, and that the latter was now in the morning, breathed a word relating to us, not the less was I certain he was thirsting for our blood, and lying in wait for us at every turn of events. Presently he got up and took his leave, and I saw him slip out and stand off to bed. Then we fell asleep and slept sound and long.

The next morning, when I awoke, I saw Amante, half-raised, resting on one hand, and eagerly gazing at the ceiling, as if he were waiting for something to look out, and both heard and saw the miller and two of his men eagerly and loudly talking about the old woman, who had not appeared as usual to make the fire in the stove, and prepare the breakfast, and who, like the others, in the morning, had been found dead in her bed; whether from the effect of her master's blows the night before, or from natural causes, he could tell? The miller's conversation comprised little more than a recital of what he was eagerly declaring his value for his housekeeper, and repeating how often she had spoken of the happy life she led with him. The men might have their doubts, but they did not wish to offend the master, and all agreed that the master's step should be taken for a speedy funeral. And so they went out, leaving us in our loft, but so much alone, that, for the first time almost, we ventured to speak to each other. I saw Amante, however, far from listening continually. Amante took a more cheerful view of the whole occurrence than I did. She said that, had the old woman lived, we should have had to depart that morning, and that this quiet departure would have been the best thing we could have had to hope for, as, in all probability, the housekeeper would have told her master of us and of our resting-place, and this fact would, sooner or later, have reached the ears of the *Sieur de Poiseux*, from whom we most desired to keep concealed; and that now we had time to rest, and a shelter to rest in, during the first hot pursuit, which we knew to a fatal certainty was being carried on. The remark of our former host, however, that he would supply us with provision; the only thing to be feared was that something might be required from the loft, and the miller or some one else mount up to search of it. I even went, and I found, as I had feared, that of boxes and chests, one part might be so kept in shadow that we might yet escape observation. All this comforted me a little; but I asked, how were we ever to escape? The ladder was broken, and the floor was so rotten, that it was impossible. But Amante replied that she could make a sufficient ladder of the rope lying coiled among other things, to drop us down the ten feet or so—with the advantage of its being a rope, and not a ladder, to carry it away, and thus avoid all betrayal of the fact that any one had ever been hidden in the loft.

During the two days that intervened before we did escape, Amante made good use of her time. She looked into every box, chest, and drawer, to see the man's absence at his mill; and finding in one box an old suit of man's clothes, which had probably belonged to the miller's absent son, she put them on, and when they were ready, she slipped out, and that they did, she cut her own hair to the shortness of a man's, made me clip her black eyebrows as close as though they had been shaved, and by cutting up old cords into pieces such as would go into her pockets, she also made up a pair of trousers and her voice to a degree which I should not have believed possible.

All this time I lay like one stunned; my body restless and recovering its strength, but my mind an almost idiotic state—also surely I could not have taken the stupid interest which I remember I did in all Amante's energetic preparations for disguise. I absolutely recollect none the feeling of a smile coming over my stiff face, nor even a word of cheer or cleverness proved a success.

But toward the second day she required me too to exert myself; and then all my heavy de-pair came back. I felt that I had no more to do with the funeral with the decaying shells of the "sore-d-up" walnuts, I let her blacken my teeth, and even voluntarily broke a front tooth the better to effect my disguise. But then, when I had no more to do with the funeral was over, the drinking ended, the guests gone; the miller put to bed by his men, being too drunk to help himself; and I had no more to do in the kitchen, talking and laughing, and waiting the housekeeper like to come; and they too went off, shutting, but not locking the door. Every thing favored us: Amante had finished the plan for one or two previous nights, and she could, by a detour, throw from beneath, untried it from the book to which it was fixed, when it had served its office; she made up a bundle of worthless old clothes in

order that we might the better preserve our characters of a traveling peddler and his wife; she stuffed a hump on her back, she thickened my figure, she left her own clothes deep down beneath a heap of others in the chest from which she had taken the man's dress which she wore; and with a few francs in her pocket—the sole money we had either of us had about us when we escaped—we let ourselves down the ladder, unlooked it, and passed into the cold darkness of the night.

How we wandered—not daring to ask our way—how we lived, how we struggled through many a danger and still more terrors of danger, I shall not tell you now. I will only relate two or three adventures before we reached Frankfurt. The first, although fatal to an innocent lady, was, yet, I believe, the cause of my safety; the second I shall tell you that you may understand by and by. As for the former, some, as I had hoped to do when we were in the miller's loft, and I first became capable of groping after an idea of what my future life might be. Once, I remember—we must have been nearly three weeks warily walking through unfamiliar ways, day after day, not daring to make inquiry as to our whereabouts, nor yet to seem powerless in our wanderings—we came to a kind of half-way-road-side, where a peddler and a blacksmith, I was so fired that Amante declared that, come what might, we would stay there all night; and accordingly she entered the house, and boldly announced herself as a traveling tailor, ready to do any old sort of work that might be required for the night's lodging and food for herself and wife. She had adopted this plan once or twice before, and with good success; for her father had been a tailor in London, and as she had been brought up in the miller's work, and knew the tailors' slang and halts, down to the particular whistle and cry which in France told so much to those of a trade. The early November afternoon was closing into evening as we set down our things, and entered the little inn in the blacksmith's kitchen, drawn close to the window, I close behind her, seeing at another part of the same garment, and from time to time well guided by my senses, and then, when the night's turned round to speak to me. It was only one word—"Courage!" I had seen nothing; I sat out of the light; but I turned sick for an instant, and then I braced myself up into a strange strength of endurance to go to the end of my journey.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

TRIMMING THE CHURCH.

JEANIE SHERMAN, looking out of the front parlor windows of her father's country-house, through a wide aperture in the wall, saw the old-fashioned frost-tracery with the rosy tip of her forefinger, saw the well-known figure of Fay Howard, well wrapped in furs, coming up the gravel walk. She expressed her delight and pleasure over her pretty blonde face, and she hastened to admit him, beating the snow from his back and shoulders—she had to stand on tip-toe to reach them—with much unnecessary violence.

"Spoke me, my dear!" cried Fay, "leave me a little breath, for I've got something very important to say."

"For the first time in your life, then! Come in and warm your large hands while you tell me what it is."

She pretended to assist him in removing his great-coat but hindered him very considerably, in reality, and taking a little lump of snow from his sleeve, adroitly transferred it to his nose, where, spite of his gymnastic contortions, it gradually melted, and caused him cold shivers of an unpleasant lengthiness.

For this trick he endeavored to punish her with a kiss. She submitted in the most lamb-like manner, apparently, until just as their lips were about to meet, when she dexterously slipped away from him, and ran into the parlor laughing like Tyll Eulenspiegel.

Fay, who would have liked for once in his life to go a reasonable and sincere reception from his little betrothed, followed her with a faint shadow on his face. She noticed it, and after the manner, I grieve to say, of young maidens generally, determined to torment him all the more.

"Now my frisky little friend," said the young man, taking a seat in a capacious arm-chair and extending his feet toward the cozy grate, "have you sparkled a mass of anathematic content?" "Now girl, sit down here and be as quiet as a mouse till I tell you."

She stared, dumbly as possible, sat down on a great flowered ottoman, rested her arms on her chair, and looked up into his face with an infinitely bewitching expression.

"You must know," said he, "that I met Sedgewick and his cousin last night, and they told me that there was to be a grand straw-ride on Wednesday evening. It will be moonlight. Sedgewick's big sleigh will be on hand, with a farm-wagon body on the rear end, and the sleigh will be filled with shavels, and things; lots of pretty girls; lots of good fellows; lots of fun; Old Caesar, with his fiddle; the new road to the Three-Mile Tavern; the old road back; dancing, singing, and other luxuries all the way there and back."

"Dancing all the way?" "Yes, and other luxuries on the road."

"Don't be absurd. What I want is to ask you to go with me. It will be, oh, splendid!" "Wednesday night?"

"O yes, on the road?"

"What time?"

"Start at about half-past seven or eight."

"Who is going?"

"The Sedgewicks, and Wayne, and that set. Fifteen in all, or thereabouts."

"Who is to drive?"

"Sedgewick's man."

"John?"

"No, Robert."

"Well, I can't go!"

"What! Can't go?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm engaged for Wednesday night."

"I said was."

"Go to ride, Mr. Curiosity!"

"Howard bit his lip and colored a little."

"May I ask with whom?"

"With a gentleman."

"What! He go with us?"

"I haven't inquired."

"Now this is too comfoundedly bad! I half promised to bring you."

"Without consulting me at all! Thank you."

He arose, with a strong desire to leave the room.

"Well, I suppose what can't be cured must be endured, but I wish it hadn't happened so. If I can get them to postpone the straw-ride till Thursday, will you go?"

"I can't promise."

He looked sorrowfully into her eyes, and held out his hand rather coolly.

"Down to Sedgewick's to tell them you won't come. Good-by!"

"What is the use of going so soon? You're hardly warm yet."

"Never mind. I don't care for outside cold!"

"Now, Fay—are you angry?"

The sideways turn of her head, and the half-grieved, half-coquettish tone of her voice, were indeed heart-breaking; but somehow, when they were together, she could not resist the temptation of tormenting him. Her engagement to go to ride with a gentleman, which she had audaciously given as a reason for declining Fay's invitation, consisted merely of a promise to go to ride on Wednesday.

"You're a trifle peevish, and very earnest appeals on his part to tell him the truth of the case, and laugh him into good-humor."

He did not visit her again for a day or two, and when he did, preserved a most expiring air of indifference. She, however, had something further about the straw-ride, so that she could draw him into repeating his invitation; but he did not mention it until the morning of Wednesday, when he came in the street.

"Morning, Jeanie," said he, "see what a splendid day it is! We shall have a delicious night for the ride."

"Are you going, then?"

"Going? Of course! I invited Susie Mitchell. Sorry you couldn't have gone, though."

"Susie Mitchell?"

This simple exclamation contained a volume of comment, unspoken, but easily understood. Perhaps I offer my readers a self-evident statement, a truism—in saying that these comments were to a nature calculated to endear Miss Mitchell to Jeanie, had she known of them.

Next day, when Fay Howard outdid himself on Wednesday night. He was always an excellent man for a merry-making, but on this occasion he was preternaturally vivacious. Nobody could be indolently or indifferently so hilarious, nobody laughed so heartily, nobody said so many funny things: in a word, nobody seemed to enjoy the affair so thoroughly as Fay.

Meanwhile, Jeanie, terribly out of humor, held her brother by the collar, and a dreary ride of a few miles, returning cold, regretful, and almost cynical, but with an inward resolve never to trifle with her lover again.

The next salutation that passed between Susie Mitchell and she was a study for a social philosopher.

Some little time afterward, when the whole matter had been explained, forgiven, and forgotten, and all the due forms and ceremonies incidental to a lover's reconciliation, Fay Howard sat in his office engaged upon a labor of love.

In his professional capacity of architect he was called each year to decorate the interior of the village church with evergreens—a pious task that, from time immemorial, had devolved upon the youths and maidens of Ingelton. Every Christmas some tasteful and clever one drew plans for the decorations, while the young men of the evergreen twigs in the woods. The church was then warmed, and all met there to make wreaths, stars, and festoons, which were finally arranged about the chancel, and along the walls, presenting a most picturesque and Christmas-like *copied*.

Fay's plans were merely finished, and pleased him. He fancied, justly, that the decoration he had composed for the organ-loft, facing the pulpit, was really artistic; and he was in a condition of soul—a good-nature and satisfaction with all things.

"T-t-t!" came a gentle knock at the door.

"Me in!" shouted he; but the visitor was timid and did not enter.

After a pause, on opening the door, found Miss Susie Mitchell standing hesitantly outside, doubtfully examining the little sign that announced the name and profession of the occupant in medieval letters.

"Ah, Miss Susie!" said he, cheerily. "I'm glad to see you. Come in."

The young lady entered, and accepted the best chair, which Fay politely offered her.

"I heard," she said, after a moment of silence, "that you had finished the plans for the church-trimming, and so I thought I would drop in, as I was passing, to look at them, if you would let me."

Fay, touched in a vulnerable point by this little evidence of appreciation, hastened to lay his drawings before her, and explained them with considerable enthusiasm, in which she had tact enough to join.

This young lady, by reason of long residence in New York, had claims to a deeper degree of refinement and social knowledge than the sister of Ingelton aspired to. She was greatly given to reading operas—not always very well selected; to playing opera—more or less; her piano—not always very well executed; to composing her own—very fashionable to—compose her own—very well understood; and, in fact, set up to be the aesthete (if I may use a word where none other would fit) of the village. Rather pretty, with her hair in black ringlets, shadowy brown eyes, clear white complexion, and graceful carriage, she attracted all who met her for the first two or three times. After that her incompleteness began to appear; she exhausted her little stock of cheap accomplishments, and felt proportionately in the estimate of her companions.

Still, as the cousin of the Sedgewicks—the wealthiest young man in Ingelton—and had enough judgment to make the best use of the little power that position gave her. She was not, however, hastily but cleverly done—she proceeded to find in them certain excellences, and, especially, that for the organ-loft, he was disposed to treat her with great courtesy.

Her attention being attracted by some of the young architect's water-color sketches, she commented the walls—little landscapes, heads, knightly comets, illustrations of his favorite authors, and, lastly but cleverly done—she proceeded to find in them certain excellences, and, especially, that for the organ-loft, he was disposed to treat her with great courtesy.

"Often through the silent nights
A funeral, with chiming and light,
And music, went to Camelot."

All this by no means displeased Fay, and they became very intimate. He was, however, much much so, indeed, that they did not bear another faint tap at the door, thrice repeated. The one outside, however, heard Fay speaking, and fancied in his mind that he had been interrupted.

Fate is always amusing herself in a manner more or less cruel to young folk, and to young lovers particularly. In this instance, it was a cruel coincidence of fate to send Jeanie Sherman to Fay Howard's office, where she was to be there, and where they were having a very agreeable time of it. They say that the blonde type is the angelic temperament; but I can tell you that there is nothing so anything but angelic when she saw who was Fay's visitor.

"I came, Fay," said she, with any amount of quiet weakness in her voice, "to see your designs for the church-trimming; but if you are occupied, I'll call another time."

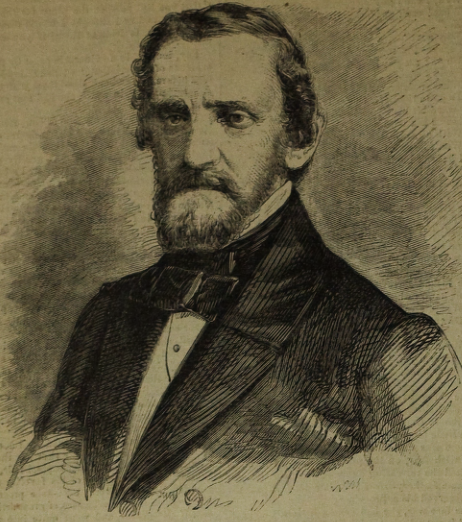
Fay cast an imploring glance toward her, and, pretending not to hear the last part of her sentence, showed her the drawings with astonishing alacrity.

Miss Susie was dignified and polite to an awful degree; Jeanie was crimson of cheek and glittering of eye; poor Fay was worse embarrassed than a school-boy, and he was, in fact, as far as he was going, on the way they met Jeanie, face to face, and the manner with which she laid them good-morning showed that she drew the most serious inference from the fact.

Of course that divine and humanizing old institution, village gossip, soon got hold of the morsel thus afforded. Some said Fay was to blame, some said Jeanie, and some said both. The village gossip, however, as had as they were. New causes of quarrel grew up through the exaggerations of Madame Grundy, and, finally, two days before Christmas, when Fay wrote a note to Jeanie, and heard his explanations from his own lips, they might once more work lovingly side by side on the decorations of the church, she returned the full of her own trunk and departed, to the immense surprise and great sorrow of half Ingelton, for New York.

Never having been seen since, it is estimated, I can not be expected to tell how Jeanie felt when she heard of it. I do know, however, that she grew very pale and listless during the two months that followed her sudden exodus, and was not seen any of the numerous festive occasions for which Ingelton is rather famous in winter. She no longer seemed to care for anything, and moped about the house in such a sad, weary, but uncomplaining way, that her parents were at last obliged to send her to the country.

De facto, she felt that she had used Fay very badly. After all, there was no positive evidence that his affections had changed from her to Miss Susie. Circumstances, however, had set her at a disadvantage; but that letter might have settled all difficulties; but that letter might have settled all difficulties.



D. F. JAMIESON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION, AND MINISTER OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 73.]

culties, she thought, and many and bitter were the tears she wept in repenting her severity. She firmly expected him to write again when she returned his note, but had calculated too strongly on his love, and not strongly enough on his pride, making the same error as on the occasion of the straw-ride.

But tears, and paleness, and apathy were of no avail. He had gone, and gone in anger. The gossip had their nine days of idle talk, of praise and blame, ill conceived and worse spoken. The young people sighed for their light-hearted and pleasant friend for a while, and then, intent on their own little courtesies, let him pass to a sort of easy half-oblivion.

A year rolled around, and shortly before Christ-

mas young Sedgwick received a packet from New York, which, being opened, proved to contain a wonderfully elaborate and beautiful set of designs, somewhat similar, but decidedly superior, to those that Fay Howard had executed the year before. A brief note accompanied them:

"DEAR SEDGWICK,—I have amused myself, in spare moments, by designing the Xmas decorations for your church, which I inclose to you. Ask our friends to accept them in the name of
FAY HOWARD."

There was no address given, no clue by which a communication could have been made to reach him; and when Jeanie Sherman read the note she felt how completely she and Fay were separated, and shed more tears, and wore a sadder, paler face than ever.

Through the snowy and moonlit village, with its vista of white-roofed houses, walked Fay Howard, well wrapped in his great-coat, with the red light of his cigar glimmering periodically from under his mustache.

He took his way directly to the hotel, where the landlord looked in wonderment upon him, and "wanted to know" a good deal more than Fay told him.

"What is that light in the church windows?" asked the young man, as soon as he had arranged his external toilet a little.

"They're trimming it, Sir, with Christmas-green."

"Ah, I thought so. Give me the key to my room. I'll be back late, perhaps."

He took the key, and recrossed the common to the little church, passing a moment to glance over the ancient churchyard, beneath whose snow-capped grave-stones slept the Ingletons dead of nearly two centuries. Then he ascended the steps, noiselessly entered the vestibule, and stood with his hand upon the latch of the baize-covered door.

A demon of unrest had haunted him ceaselessly ever since the cold Christmas weather had set in. It had seemed to him that he must see Jeanie once more at that blessed season, or die before the New Year was born. Pursued by this idea, and a mysterious presence of coming joy, he had hastened back to Ingleton. Here he was at the church door, and he knew that she must be inside. He entered, trembling.

There was much joy among the young folk, and many were the greetings he received—many and warm. Last of all came Jeanie Sherman, worn and weary-looking, but no longer pale. The riotous blood, knowing that neither voice nor eye could

find strength to welcome him, rushed up into her cheeks and dyed them crimson, as a signal of the great joy she could not otherwise express. Their words were few, and merely kind, without reference to the past or the future. Each marked the changes sorrow had wrought in the other, but neither mentioned them, and after a brief space, when all the commonplaces of welcome were over, Fay went quietly to work, explaining the more intricate portions of his designs, and assisting his friends to arrange the evergreens.

The chains that are stronger than links of steel and bands of iron soon worked their simple miracle, and brought Fay and Jeanie side by side. It was a little embarrassing at first, and they kept silence. At length he spoke: "Had you forgot-



THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—[SEE PAGE 73.]



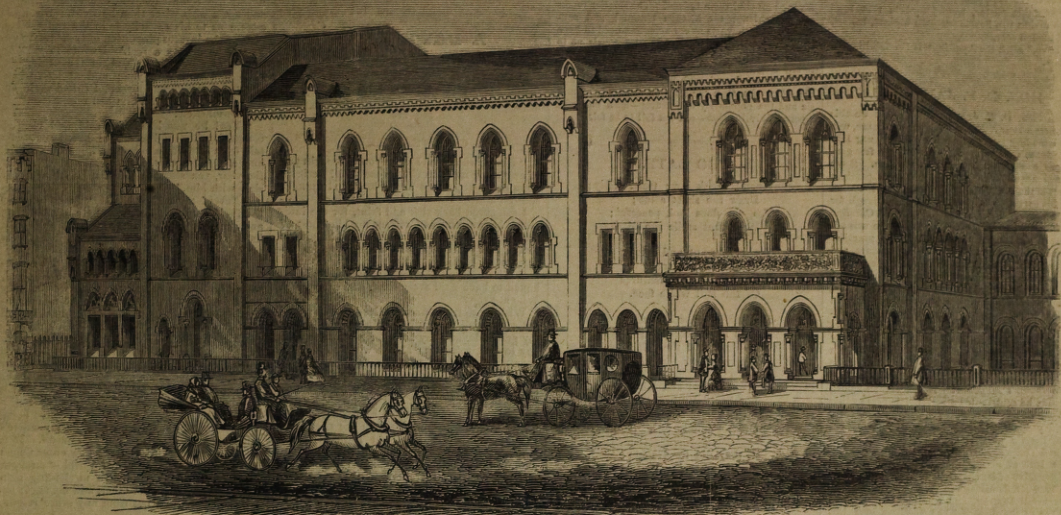
THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

As old Man had many Sons, who were often quarreling with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and used other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose, he at last had recourse to this expedient: he ordered his Sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his might and strength, he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his

Sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it; which when each did with all imaginable ease, the father addressed them to this effect: "O, my Sons, behold the power of unity: for if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly confederated in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assaults you!"

MORAL.—Union is Strength.



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—EXTERIOR.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

ten me, Jeanie?"—really a very absurd question, and quite malapropos.

"No, indeed!"
"I thought you would"—really a very untrue statement.

"Did you? Oh, Fay!"
"I thought you wished to."

"And you hated me?"

"No, Jeanie, just the opposite—always!"

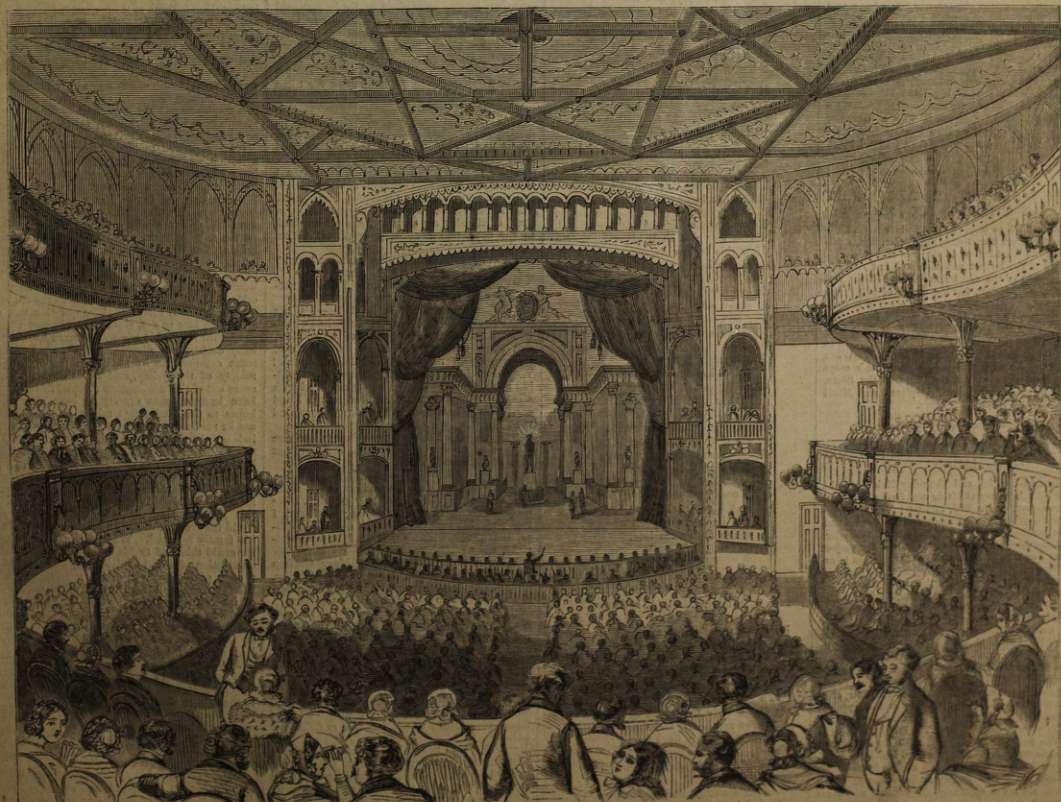
"And you could forgive me?"

"I hardly know which should forgive the other, Jeanie; but here, in this place, where we have so often listened together to the words of peace, is it not well for us to make our peace?"

She gave him her hand, quickly and silently, as

they bent over their evergreens, and the spirit of the olden time came back to them, hallowed, chastened, and made earnest by the grief through which they had passed.

On Christmas morning all the good people of



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INTERIOR. OPENING CONCERT ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

HON. D. F. JAMIESON.

known that he need not open upon
Mr. or, as he is more commonly called, General
Jamieson, is a cotton planter, and has a fine estate
of two thousand acres, worked by some seven
negroes. As a man he is gentle, unaffected, and
possesses resources which make him quite at home
in all topics of literature, politics, and sociology.
He has a clear, vigorous, and comprehensive mind,
but, lacking in brilliancy, his logic seldom calls for
aid to the faculties of fancy and imagination. With
morals unstained by reproach, with a character
guiltless of blemish, no man is more highly es-
teemed by all who know him than General D. I.
Jamieson.

ent stationed at Fort Moultrie, where, in the late attack upon the steamship *Star of the West*, they gave strong evidence of what may be expected if their hands should Charleston be invaded. When the ordinance of secession was passed this corps was the first to offer its services to the State. Their arms are six brass field-pieces, and Minié muskets with Maynard primers.

ie, are faced with stone, with a large brick in-
ed into the centre of their arched stone capping.
There are seven entrances, the chief of which
through a portico whose arches and pillars com-
bine massive strength with lightness and grace.

TOO LATE

Thus said I: "I shall never
 Into a false and dreaming
 And then awake, with sudden
 To feel it biting at my heart
 For now the pain can never

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Well," said he, at last, "I will own to that, after your abrupt departure, I was so puzzled what to make of you, and I might have remained longer in the same state of doubt, when a chance visit that I made to Dublin brought me to Dycer's, and there, by a mere accident, I heard of you—heard who you were, and what you had done."

"How on earth have you guessed that?"

"I came by the knowledge on a railroad journey, where my fellow-passengers talked over the event, and I subsequently traveled with S——'s daughter, who came abroad to fill

ty-one Engravings, by W. HARVEY. Square 4to, Mus-
lin, 75 cents.

AN EVENING WITH RAREY.



Mr. SPIFLEKENS has an adventure with a Horse, and concludes to go and see RAREY.



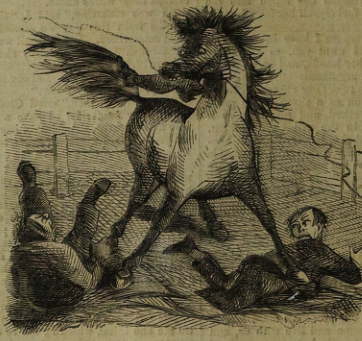
He sees RAREY, and hears about Cruiser.



Cruiser as the Newspapers have him.



Cruiser as he is.



Mr. RAREY's Prize Horse, Jo Anderson.



Jo Anderson after Mr. RAREY has got through with him.



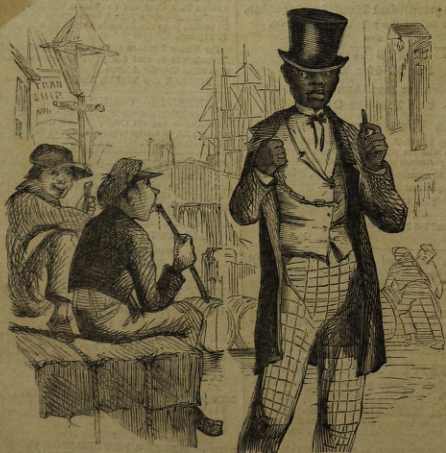
Mr. RAREY invites SPIFLEKENS to take a turn at Jo Anderson.



SPIFLEKENS does take a turn.



SPIFLEKENS and Jo Anderson after the turn is taken.



"Hello Bill! there goes the CRISIS!"

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